

# INTERESTING LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

## PRESIDENT BOWLES ON

### THE CONGRESS.

Muncie, Ind., Nov. 30, 302.

Dear Brother Hughes:-  
Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for which please send The Blade to my friend Elijah Ward for one year. I am expecting a very large attendance at our Congress in January, and I hope that I may not be disappointed; I want to shake hands with 1,000 Freethinkers on that occasion.

Yours Fraternally and always,  
T. J. BOWLES.

### BIBLE GEOGRAPHY.

Martinsville, Ills., Nov. 28, '02.

Mr. Moore:-  
Dear Sir:-Does the Bible teach that the world is flat and has four corners? If so please put it in your paper, and tell where the passages of Scripture can be found, and much oblige.

V. O. SWALLUM.  
Answer:-Yes, the Bible teaches that the world is flat, has four corners, and is set up on pillars. The first passage is Genesis 1, 7. Then there are all of those passages that speak of going "up" to heaven and "down" to hell.

The "four corners of the earth" are spoken of in Isaiah 11, 12, and Revelations 7, 1.

In the Old Testament the words "the ends of the earth" occurs 22 times; in the New Testament 2 times; Acts 13, 47 and Romans 10, 18.

The "pillars of the earth" are mentioned in 1 Sam. 2, 8, and Job 9, 6, and 26, 11.

That the world stands still and does not move is found in 1 Chronicles 16, 30 and Psalms 93, 1 and 96, 10.

### J. C. AND CASTORIA.

Oakland, Ills., Nov. 28, '02.

Mr. Charles C. Moore:-

Dear Friend:-Enclosed 20 cents for two of Kiddier's "Sacrament." If J. C. had married he would have been more up to date, like me. I have a baby boy, about a month old, and he makes me walk the floor at night. If I don't give him Castoria, I think J. C. ought to have made that water into Castoria that he made it to wine. It would have been some help to me and others and he could have gotten a patent on it, and people would have loved him more.

Yours as ever,

F. J. CARR.

Answer:-You have a "J. C." in your name. Name that boy for me.

If Jesus Christ had invented something that would keep babies from having the colic, it would have been worth more than the religion he invented.

Read Mrs. Stanton's "Eighty Years and More," and learn how to nurse babies.

### MAN-NOT-AFRAID-OF-HIS-WIFE

Garrison, Kan., Nov. 28, 302.

Dear old Bro. Moore:-

I have taken your paper eight months, and think more of it every time I read it. I was raised a Congregationalist, or Swedish missionary, and the biggest rascal I ever saw was a Methodist preacher who sold me a horse blind as a bat for a sound horse.

Just had a Methodist revival here and they didn't revive anybody but some kids.

One Methodist brother told me that Robert G. Ingersoll said that he could burn all his writings. I said to him: "I suppose you orthodox devils will claim Mrs. Stanton, too, and Mrs. Henry, of Versailles, Ky., when she dies."

I am not afraid of my wife a bit—am a bachelor.

Put me down for Dog Fennel. I will whack up all O. K. when you call on me.

I will soon join the N. L. P. and will get you some subscribers for the B. G. B.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM WALSTROM.

Answer:-Yes; and you are the only kind of a man that ain't afraid of his wife—I've been there. Ingersoll didn't have any death-bed—died sitting in a chair; another Christian lie nailed.

### AFRAID OF THE CHRISTIANS.

Tyrone, Ia., Nov. 27, '02.

Mr. C. C. Moore:-

Dear Sir:-Enclosed find \$1.00 for another year. I am an old subscriber. Put me down for one Dog Fennel.

Although I live in Iowa and take two country papers, I learned nothing about Dr. Hammer until I saw his case in the Blade.

Being conservative I came to no conclusion until six weeks ago, when a lady from Colfax, 15 miles from Newton, came here on a visit.

She saw the petition in the Blade. She knew Dr. Hammer well, and said "He is a gentleman."

She was 4 years old when her parents moved to a farm 3 miles from Newton, where she was raised. She begged me to get signers for the petition.

I could get quite a number if I were able to get around, but I am old and often sick.

I asked her about the church people at Newton. She said: "Oh, yes, they (the Methodists or Baptists, I don't remember which) are very strong and selfish. My Sister, Mrs. — is one of the big muck-a-mucks, and any one who differs from them is ostracised."

I will give you that lady's address and my own, but you must not put either in your paper. Yours truly,

RECKON I HAVE SAID  
SOMETHING WRONG

Victoria, Texas, Nov. 23, 1902.

Brothers Moore and Hughes:

I notice that you take the liberty

to put my note to you of Nov. 1st in cold type, (and I am not a writer for such), and under the heading, "Hard Questions—big scheme," two things I am entirely innocent of, and, in another column, show very clearly that enough like me would bankrupt the paper, and very soon, at that, when my intention was to do you a favor instead, but now I see I did not know much about it, but supposed you did and was looking out for the financial part of it.

I now confess my error and promise not to do so any more.

A friend of mine handed me a copy of the Blade and I noticed your offer for a club of five and I got three subscriptions at 50 cents each and took my own dollar and sent five names, paying for my own and one for a friend, and sent one dollar for the Magazine.

Some others had spoken to me to get up another club, but only one has given me the money to send, and I will send that and pay for the send, but you need not send me any more and they may send you the dollar.

The book "Behind the Bars" has miscarried as I can't hear from it, but you need not send me any other, as you can't afford it, and I am very poor and don't feel able to send any more money for the book now, but when you get "Dog Fennel" if I am alive, I will dig up another dollar then.

You may publish this if you like. I wish well to all Liberal papers, but yours is the only one that I take now, but will not write you any more, but will take a back seat and be good. Send paper for enclosed money order.

Yours truly,  
O. C. EMBRY.

Answer:-I don't know what to say because I don't recollect about it. Reckon I had a crazy fit on me.

MAKE MY LAST DAYS HAPPY.

Eslef, Minn., Nov. 26, 1902.

Messrs. Hughes and Moore:-

Put me down for Blade Magazine. You say in the Blade of Nov. 23rd that 3,000 subscriptions will pay for the Lino. It seems to me that were the Liberals of the country worthy of the name they should come forward with their subscriptions even beyond that number.

I believe that you have a subscription list of between 5,000 and 10,000. It seems that 3,000 of these could afford to subscribe when you offer them a magazine for a year for \$1, some single copies of which, I believe would be worth that.

Beside this would be such an easy way to pay for the Lino, and put Mr. Hughes in the way of a good living, and, as for Mr. Moore, wouldn't it be a fine thing to make the last days of his life happy, so that he could feel his life's work well done?

If the readers of the Blade belonged to a church, as, no doubt, a large per cent of them would, if it had not been for the Blade, they would be ashamed to come and offer a preacher one "lousy little dollar"—they would drop in a five of ten. But they seem to be slow about coming forward with a dollar for the Blade, even when they are sure of getting value received.

They know you have never yet misrepresented anything to them.

Hope that the Magazine will soon appear with a subscription list of 3,000, I remain, Yours as ever,

HANS F. HANSEN.

WANTS "RATIONAL VIEW."

Mampa, Idaho., Nov. 25, '02.

Editor C. C. Moore:-

Put my name down for Dog Fennel. I want you to make that trip that you started so long ago. You, with your later experience, can write a better book now than you could have done then.

What became of your book, "The Rational View"? I want a copy; get me one somewhere. Reprint Mrs. Henry's "Another Oriental Order." Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Closs have just written the best pieces they have ever written. Mrs. H. "Kentucky's Young Executive" and Mrs. C. "Another Virgin."

I wish you all kinds of pleasure on your trip. Yours respectfully,

W. A. PETERSON.

Answer:-All of "The Rational View" has been sold, except eight copies that I am saving for emergency and for which I cannot take less than \$10 each.

A LIAR ON LIES—A GOLIAH

Kara, Ga., Nov. 27, '02.

Bro. C. C. Moore:-

You have been sending me your old B. G. B. all this year for 50 cents and 4 other cusses at the same price. But lies are cheap and you are an ex-sky-pilot and can afford it. You are wanting us fools to chip in and raise \$1,000 to send you to the Orient; so set me down for a Dog Fennel, by the ex-sky-pilot of Dog Fennel precinct.

A good lie is worth \$1.00, so let us know when you have it made up and I will send you the cash, but don't sell any body the rock that David killed Goliath with, or we will ketch you out again, like we did about Methuselah, for I've got that rock myself—found it when a boy on Lightwood Knot creek, in old Georgia, 10 feet from a dead man, that had no head, cause I reckon some David cut it off and carried it away.

But I can prove that Methuselah died before the flood, and you and Mrs. Henry either read your Bibles more, or tell the truth when you do read them. Yours,

W. A. CARTER.

Answer:-Goliath was the only liath that ever lived who was a bigger liath than you and Zachary.

J. C. NOT BORN ON

HIS OWN BIRTHDAY.

Deerwood, Minn., Nov. 27, '02.

Editor B. G. B.:-

I see you have several pieces about Methuselah. Last May I began to read the Bible. For my own satisfaction I compiled a chronological table, but it does not exactly agree with the Bible. \* \* \* A thing I thought rather strange was Matthew,

2d Chapter, that tells of the birth of Christ, gives the date as 4 B. C.

MRS. EVA BLACKMER.  
Answer:-But you see that J. C. was born miraculously, and didn't have to be born on his birthday, like other people. He could just be born any old time that suited him.

Yes; I have had letters galore about old Methuselah. I am glad the old rascal was drowned—would have been living yet if the flood hadn't got him. You never said a word about "Dog Fennel."

AGIN SACRAMENTAL BOOZE.

Florence, Mont., Nov. 25, 1902.

C. C. Moore:-

Editor B. G. B.:-I was converted years ago, but I find, from reading the Bible that it is the worst book for false statements and mistakes I ever read.

As to what I am, I call myself nothing. I am bound to no morbid habit and don't intend to sip out of a cup to save a soul that church members pickle in red rum and white wine.

Very respectfully,  
JAS. H. GILES.

BLADE, DOG FENNEL, ET AL.

Norwalk, Conn., Nov. 15, 302.

Bro. Moore:-

Enclosed \$1.00 to continue the invincible cutting Blade, another year. Put me down for one "Dog Spice in the Orient." I am sure it will be a spicy volume. Hope you will knock out some of the so-called Christian religion, that originated in that most benighted land under the sun.

May the day soon come when priests and preachers will have to make their livings by the sweat of their brows, and cease being parasites on the body, social and political of our great country.

By the individual help of every member of the N. L. P. and the A. S. U. this may be accomplished and the \$75,000,000 of church property be taxed for the general good. Yours,

A. B. BENNETT.

DON'T STOP MY BLADE.

Ashland, Ore., Nov. 25, 1902.

Brothers Moore and Hughes:

Dear Sirs—Don't stop my Blade, for I shall take it as long as I can read and raise the price.

Count on me for a bunch of "Dog Fennel." You are doing a grand work, and, as long as I can I will contribute to you and others in the cause of truth and justice. Fraternally,

WILLIAM RICHARDS.

WANTS HARP STRINGS.

Wanchula, Fla., Nov. 22, '02.

Bro. C. C. Moore:-

Dear Sir:-Put me down for one "Dog Fennel in the Orient." When ready I have the money for it. So many request relics of various religious characters from Palestine, that it seems presumptuous to ask them. Still I want you to survey and locate accurately the field in which Judas fell down and lost his insides. I hope you success in your trip and other undertakings. Yours for a

G. W. H.

Nat. Mil. Home, O., Dec. 1, '02.

Editor B. G. B.:-

Ministers are always very ready to criticize any little discrepancy they find in Liberal publications, like the one in the Blade of November 30, when Mr. J. G. Orsburn, undertakes to show up his Biblical account of the age of Methuselah.

I would advise Mr. Orsburn not to be so fast; he is fighting his own craft in disguise. Let him establish the fact that there ever was any such man as Methuselah or that any man ever lived to be 969 years old. All he can find is a very second-hand statement from the Bible that one nearly as good is nothing at all.

In the time of Jesus' scarcely any two of the Bible writers will agree on anything they say about Jesus—his parentage, birth, teachings, crucifixion, age of resurrection.

The Bible writers contradict each other, right along, or if they don't do that Jesus contradicts them.

Let Mr. Orsburn first tell us, without any dispute, who was the father of Jesus, then tell us his age, at the time of his crucifixion, and why it was that he never came back again.

He promised his disciples he would die in the life time of some men living, and by the time he does that he will be better prepared to criticize such Liberal writers as C. C. Moore and Mrs. Henry.

Yours for Bible criticism,  
JOEL M. BERRY.

About Premiums.

Redmon, Ill., Nov. 30, '02.

Editor B. G. B.:-

Dear Sir:-I sent you a sort time ago, \$2.50 with 4 names, and added one the other day. I now send you \$1.00 and will send another name soon. Am I entitled to "Physician in the House"?

I said I would take two "Dog Fennels"—make it 5 if they come \$1.00 a copy.

Answer:-You are entitled to "Physician in the House," or "Behind the Bars," as you may select.

If you take as many as 5 Dog Fennels you can get them for 80 cents each.

Women in Heaven.

Ypsilanti, Mich., Nov. 30, '02.

Editor B. G. B.:-

I notice a statement in the last issue of the Blade, that there is no record of any women ever reaching heaven. If you will turn to the 12th chapter of Revelations you will learn of your mistake. You will also remember that J. Christ told the Pharisees that the Publicans and the Harlots would go into the Kingdom of Heaven before them. So you see there will be quite a representation of women in heaven after all.

True they may not be allowed to stay there as they keep a great red dagger to run them out.

Put me down for one "Fennel" without the "Dog." I am glad you are going to the Holy Land—hope you will be able to secure a piece of the scaffold, that Judas hanged himself on, also a pattern of the skirt of the renowned Boaz which the lovely Ruth

coveted, also a recipe for making the yeast cakes that would make five barley loaves feed 5,000 hungry men and have more left than in the beginning. With respect, yours truly,

JAMES P. DICKERSON.

Remembers the Blade.

La Rue, O., Dec. 2, '02.

Dear you Pen Rascal:-

I gave the money for renewal to Ben. Fink, of Kenton. He is getting up a club. I was 71 the 17th of November last, in fairly good health. I made a will lately. After giving liberally to my children and my good wife, I gave a certain amount to each of the three papers, the Blade, the Investigator and Green's Magazine, of Chicago.

By law I have to live a year after gifts outside of my family to make the same good. Please pray for me that I may live a few days over the said year.

Wife and I will, if in health, be at the Lexington Congress.

A seeker after truth and a friend of Washington.

CAPTAIN IRA WILLIAMS.

Answer:-Yes, I hope you will live the year and then don't be in any hurry about dying just to accommodate me. I liked Washington well enough until he tried to lie out of that cherry tree business.

Be sure to come with your good wife to the Lexington Congress, and let us talk it all over.

"Over There, Over There."

Howard, Kan., Dec. 1, '02.

Charles C. Moore:-

Dear Brother:-I see you are going to the Promised Land, to tell us about Dog Fennel "over there, over there." Well put me down for three, but I don't like the name; it's a stinking name.

Yours,  
W. W. HENSLEY.

"Dog Fennel" gittin' up to North Pole.

Woodsdy, Alaska, Nov. 18, 302.

Charles C. Moore:-

Dear Friend and Brother:-I am highly pleased that you are anticipating a trip to the Holy Land, in view of writing "Dog Fennel." I hope the trip and book will be a success beyond your most sanguine expectations.

In fact I know you will succeed. You always succeeded except when you preached the gospel, and you were honest to take to raising taters, ingun, and yaller-legged chickens for your family and for others.

I have come here to find gold, but so far, I have got but little and lots of hard work.

Please put me down for three Dog Fennels, at \$3.00 total.

With kind regards to all your family, and hopes for a pleasant voyage to the Orient, and a safe return, I remain your friend,

R. W. SIMPSON.

Gittin' Fat on Blades.

Fort Worth, Tex., Dec. 1, '02.

Blue Grass Blade:-

Dear Sirs:-Your valuable favor of November 1st to hand and contents noted. Enclosed please find \$1.00 as my board bill for eating and digesting "Blue Grass" Blades for one year. I will state that I am an old boarder, and I want to say here that since the first day I began eating and digesting Blue Grass Blades, I have gained in strength physically and am much stouter, and mentally I am much healthier, and my finite mind has soared far above the mountains of doubt and seas of superstition until today I stand alone on my own individuality, believing in science, truth and reason, endeavoring to live by the golden rule, letting the world to me be my country and to do good my religion.

So with best wishes for the success of the B. G. B. and hoping that it will live until it will traverse the globe and every inhabitant becomes a reader and that the name of Charles C. Moore, its worthy editor, with Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire, Herbert Spencer, Sir Isaac Newton and the immortal Thomas Jefferson, and Dr. Wilson and Mrs. Josephine K. Henry will go down in the annals of history as the greatest thinkers and beacon lights that have shone to the world in the struggle for existence, from chaos, with its infinite travel to perfection. Yours out of Christ,

J. D. DAVIS.

THE BLADE WILL CUT

AMONG THE MORMONS.

Logan, Utah, Nov. 25, '02.

C. C. Moore:-

Enclosed 50 cents—50 cents for 6 months more of Blade, and 10 cents for "Bible in a Nutshell," for missionary work. You watch my smoke—you will have a hundred subscribers here in a year. I will blow hot air, nearly all winter in the Saints' ears. I am doing some good with Kiddier's "Virgin Mary," "Methodism," and "Sacrament." But they are too strong for the first dose; they don't digest easy.

I see little difference between Donk-hobors and Mormons. One goes in search of Christ, and the others expect him to come to some of our temples here. I hope he will come to Logan. I do want to see him so much. We expect the whole family to come to Utah—father, mother and son.

Put me down for one of the "Dog Fennel" books you intend to write, but never will.

God will give you the cholera as soon as you put your foot on holy ground if you don't take off your big shoes.

Yours truly,  
GEORGE J. WHEELER.

Answer:-I don't wear big shoes—I have beautiful little tootsy-wootsies.

SWEET WILLIAMS

FOR DOG FENNEL

Don't Send Them Until I Notify You

That the Book is Ready

Junction City, Kans., Nov. 24, '02.

Charles C. Moore:-

I enclose draft for five dollars, four copies Dog Fennel, one copy for myself and hope to find customers for three of the copies. The extra dollar is for the Blade Magazine for myself. Cash in hand is better than promises

# CALL FOR SECOND ANNUAL CONGRESS OF NATIONAL LIBERAL PARTY

To the Freethinkers of the United States:-

You are hereby earnestly requested to attend the annual congress of the National Liberal Party, in Lexington, Kentucky, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, January 23, 24, 25, 1903 (303).

The emancipation of the human mind from the bondage of theological superstition has made wonderful progress since the days of the immortal Bruno; but in spite of the culture of modern times, there is still danger that the black flag of Theocracy may float in triumph over the capitol at Washington, and enslave the Republic of Paine and Jefferson in the darkness of the Middle Ages.

At the close of the 18th Century it dawned upon the minds of these great thinkers that all men are created equal and this priceless conception made the